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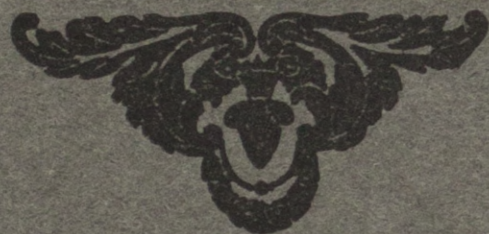
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The Kaimin

University of Montana



1905

MARCH

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THE KAIMIN

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA.

MARCH.

VOLUME 8.

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NUMBER 6.

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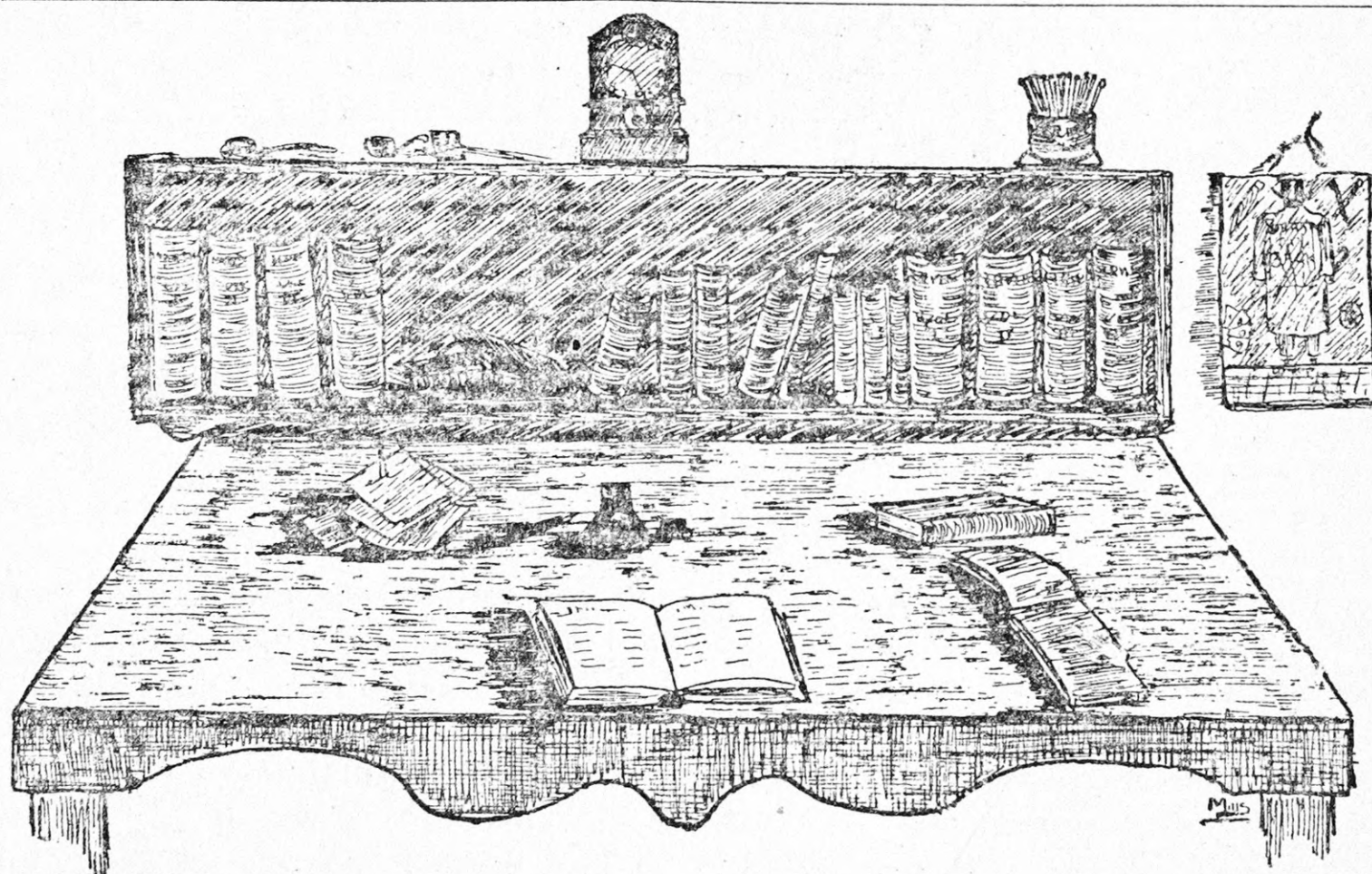
THE KAIMIN

A Literary Magazine

VOL. 8.

MARCH, 1905.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Editors: Jessie M. Bishop, '05. Joseph W. Streit, '07

Exiled

Walking along Broadway one afternoon last week I chanced to notice, lying on the sidewalk, a medium sized note book with an olive-green leather cover, apparently belonging to some one of means. I picked it up and, casually glancing through it and finding no name, put it into my pocket.

This little incident was forgotten until the following day when I chanced to feel the weight of the book in my pocket. On opening the

book I began to read. As I proceeded I became interested and read it through. It read as follows:

To the person into whose hands this missive should chance to fall,—

I am writing this account night by night between the hours of one and three. I am writing in bed, and am afraid even to move for the fear of death. Death ever stares me in the face. If you are able to help me, do so at once. If not, burn this, and forget it. Forget it! Forget it!

Two years ago I was a promising young chemist, having graduated from one of the foremost schools of our country. I, in company with my friend Dexter M—, had fitted up a small laboratory on the tenth floor of the B— building. We were conducting experiments with a view of manufacturing gold. This is generally supposed to be an element, which can not be produced by artificial means, but Dexter and I discovered a cheap and easy way to make it.

The day that we discovered the process—cursed be the day—we were quietly working when Dexter gave a cry of delight and pointed to a bead of gold lying on a glass plate. We were overjoyed and immediately set to work to construct an apparatus capable of producing the gold in large quantities.

Two weeks later Dexter and I set out for the government mint to determine the true value of our gold. At the mint we were treated very courteously, but we noticed an air of excitement about the clerk to whom I handed the gold. He excused himself and withdrew into an inner room. While he was gone we heard the telephone bell ring and heard a name which we recognized to be that of a Wall street broker. In a few moments the clerk returned bearing the information that if we would call on the morrow we could ascertain the value of the metal. He asked a few questions in regard to our possession of the gold, but we were silent with regard to the matter. As we were passing out we noticed a small dark man eyeing us. Again we noticed him as we entered our apartments. Dexter remarked something about the man but I laughed at him.

The next morning after breakfast we were summoned by a message asking us to call at office 972 H— Trust Block, Wall Street. The object of the message was not stated. This ought to have served as a warning to us, but we, not thinking, went at once to the office. On our arrival there we were conducted into an inner room, in which there were seated four of the wealthiest men of Wall Street.

‘Gentlemen,’ said Geo. D—, addressing us, ‘you have discovered the process of making gold a thing that has been done but once before. The fate of the person, who made the discovery, you may judge later. Your apartments are now being searched. Sit still! One move will settle you. Behind you stand men ready to do the worst.

Gentlemen—what would be the result of your discovery if it were made public? Where would our securities be? What would be the value of government bonds? My associates and I stand ready to make you an offer. You may go into exile, the place to be selected by us; no communication with the outside world will be allowed. Needless to say you will be separated. The alternative will be six feet of earth!"

You can imagine our feelings, I engaged to a Miss D. D. O., expecting to be married within a month; while Dexter was having to support a widowed mother. We were given five minutes in which to decide. As a matter of course we took the first offer. We were immediately bound and drugged.

The next thing I can remember was looking down from a great height into a busy street. I have a suite of rooms on the top floor of a skyscraper, the name or number of which I know not. I am not allowed to leave my apartments; for the door is carefully guarded; while a man claiming to be my partner but really my guard, sleeps in an adjoining room. I have never seen or heard anything of Dexter since that eventful day.

If you, whoever you are who finds this, can help me do so at once. Do it immediately. And hurry! Hurry! Hurry! If not, burn this and forget it. Forget it I say. Yours,

H. J. W.

I immediately hired a detective to try and ferret out the mystery but nothing could be found.

You may ask what connection this has with me personally. It is this. The girl to whom this H. J. W. was engaged is Daisy Dean Davidson, the girl to whom I have been engaged for the past three months.

* * *

—RALPH GILHAM

An Ur-Schleim Song

The mystic cosmogonies
Of the ancient Allemange
With the sweet-scented breath
Of Oriental lore, breathes of
The wonderful Ur-Schleim,
Of the old life-giving ocean;
Where the soft and slimy sea-weed
And a tremulous sunbeam piercing crept
Thro' the pearly vapor of the spray,
Found in the Ur-Schleim,
Earth, ocean, vivid-glowing heaven,
All merged in one;—all lost

THE KAIMIN

And blent in a new element.
Then low sea-murmur sang
Of the ebb and flow of the Heart
Born in a sunny sea-slime bed,
Bathed in the salt sea—tears,
Cradled in the billowy deep.

And the sibilant waves still softly bear along
The dying echoes of that mystic song,
The myriad-mysteries of the Soul.
And they who listen to the Ego,
May hear, deep down, that current roll;
For there are inlets to our souls,
Ebbing, flowing ever
From the waters of the Sea.

O, woman, listen to its motion;
Like the billow on the ocean,
Reflecting its color from face of heaven.
Lower no clouds to muddle its purity,
For inexplicable as the Ur-Schleim,
Infinite as the sea-side sands,
Delicate as the sea-foam,
Clear as the sea-wave,
Strong as an under-current,
Is the soul of a woman,
Treacherous as the tide, men say?
Nay, not when true to herself!

Be a woman! Be a woman!
The light of that ideal
Doth shine with a purer glow
Than the light of any other.
In the amber glare of intellectuality
Forget not those rarer qualities
Innate in only you;
But round out that mobile self
Into the perfect sphere
Until in rythmic melody
It joins the music of all spheres;
Not tuned to pierce the future ages,
But singing songs as sweet as lullabies,
Now like the Autumn voice of the pines
Or the clear, joyful tones of a nightingale
Gushing from a soul, fathomless as the ocean
Clear and pure as its crystal waters;

Sing of the ocean mystery,—
The infinite, eternal destiny
That Immortal souls inherit.

My Hero's Defense

This is what she said about me in the last Kaimin: "Perhaps these traits all to be embodied in a single man will be hard to find, but my hero will and must have them."

Of course she can find all those traits in a single man. A great many men are moral and neat and courteous. But I wish she had told me in private just what she would have liked best in me instead of taking me by surprise and before people's eyes.

She might have known that I don't always want to carry her books, when I leave the building at the same time she does, which isn't so very often after all. She suggests that a fellow watch for any sign that he is not always wanted, but what satisfaction can he get out of that? If a girl doesn't want the company of a particular boy she can't expect him to find it out by intuition alone—masculine intuition is almost as scarce as grapes in Greenland, and if she acts just the same as ever and doesn't ever hint she would rather be alone when I try to give her the cue, how can I help myself? Sometimes she walks slowly down the steps if she is alone and I am coming out behind her—once I remember particularly, I wanted to talk to Marie about those senior pins, but there was a crowd of guys standing near the hitching post and they noticed she was half-loitering for me. So I "sluffed" my engagements with Marie in spite of the fact that "sluffing" is a capital fault in her hero, and stepped to her side. If I hadn't, there would have been a score of significant glances and undertone remarks which would have been embarrassing for such a girl.

As to conversations, I admit I have not many subjects at my command. But sometimes, she doesn't quite understand that I would rather not talk of football or debates or even of any other topic of college interest only. Sometimes I would rather discuss some of the present day men and women and their doings. I would like to talk of Julia Marlowe or the last love story in the Argosy or the American educational system in the Philippines. We might talk of foreign cities and countries or read of them in books of travel or of many other things.

Now just as like as not she will read up on Timbuctoo or some city in Madagascar and spring it on me as a suitable subject for conversation. If she does, she'd better not for I can't ever be "just a little bit stronger" than she is upon that subject and she will be sure to find it out and say something that will make me feel she considers herself superior to me in most everything, and I can't feel "at my ease" then.

Nothing gets a fellow worse than to be the victim of some girl's intentional sarcasm. I wonder if she calls that unwillingness to enjoy a joke on one's self? I would like her; but when I do soy a funny saying she turns up her chin and says "bum joke," and the only way left for me to show my good nature is to keep from getting mad.

Now at last I have come to her first requisite. She wants her hero to be moral. I wonder if she thinks I am moral. I guess not, for she seems to admire Frank Andrews more than she does me and I **KNOW** he isn't moral. But then she is not alone in that. I have noticed that girls generally like the immoral boys best, yes, and the best girls too, are the ones who show this. I said something like that to her once and it made her fearfully indignant. But I believe though I could not see the reason either; for it is hard to believe the most virtuous girls prefer the most dissolute men **BECAUSE** they are so. Maybe a psychologist could tell why, but I don't claim to be one, although I have read Ladd's text book on the subject.

She also said something about liking courtesy in her friends. I like to see it too, and I do not think she meant I am not courteous. But she was as indefinite about courtsey as she was about morality. I don't suppose she would consider it courtesy for a boy to call her from across the street, or to use profane language in her presence or to neglect her comfort whe she is with him.

But the girls don't demand all the courtesy they should demand, seeing that some of the fellows, will not, or do not know enough to grant it when not demanded. I notice all the fellows, the immoral as well as the honorable, speak to her and of her as "Sal" when they should say "Miss ——."

And again, if a fellow takes a girl to any place of amusement, as for instance to the Mardi Gras show, where a rabble of un-gentlemen throw confetti into the girl's faces, or to the ten cent show without, first seeing whether the performance is first class or unfit for her eyes, he is treating her without courtesy. I think the girls right to "cultivate, educate or find in someway the power" to compel due courtesy if it will not be given voluntarily.

But maybe this is goody, goody, and she may declare indignantly that all her boy friends **ARE** courteous. If she does she will not only be throwing down another barrier and inviting an increase of discourtesy, "for any act on the lady's part that shows a just appreciation of herself" will not go unnoticed even if unspoken of." I am not exactly sorry that she paraded me after all before people's eyes for I have had a chance to get rid of a few ideas I had in stock. I hope, though, that we may settle all our little differences together for the future so everyone won't find out how lacking we are in some respects.

Q. K. G.

The Curious Gentleman (Continued)

The entire disturbance which seemed so stifling appeared to be due to the condition of that portion of atmosphere enclosed within these knowing walls of the professor's rooms. I imagined the air itself settling down like a dark, mystic veil over my eyes, silently dissolving every thought or look that bespoke animation, leaving behind only a kind of despairing passivity, which occasionally would flare up, whenever there seemed a disturbance in the maddening cover, suddenly converted into a vivid thought for escape, which the ever restless, shifting vapor would catch up with sullen swirl and loose within its boundless immensity. My rapid, feverish thinking resolved itself into one settled desire for escape from the mysterious house. With what relish I thought of the world just outside, busy and material! Soon I should have flung myself from the window that opened above the street. But this professor—really he was a person of exquisite feeling; he seemed to divine the situation and said with some tenderness and with an exhilarating freshness probably derived from the meaning of his words that “we must get in the fresh air.”

“Excellent thought of, my dear Professor; would that you had said it sooner.” With some such feeling as that of a newly emancipated slave I filled my lungs with the grateful air and lent my ears joyfully to the evidences of materiality afforded by a crowded, many voiced city. More of a man now, the bonds of servitude which this man was fastening about me relaxed. These bonds were misfortunes, to free the spirit, but always my nature objected that such was an unnatural operation. Therefore, I gladly returned to a normal state.

No doubt the professor, to whom I was ever unconsciously ascribing omniscience, was aware of my sensations and noting them with great anxiety, as I can now see, but still he went on talking in somewhat the same strain, though more as he spoke that first time I saw him. For the sake of bringing his oddities to the notice of the reader it might be well to reproduce part of it here. I remember that he referred to his occupation of preserving bones.

“The other day,” he said, “I felt greatly disappointed at your action. I feared I had misplaced confidence in acting upon the thought that you were a kindred spirit and could appreciate the realm of bones, being free from the prejudices and distorted sentimentality that precludes the majority of men from enjoyment of these relics of the past. I speak of past in the same sense as I used it the other day. You are not yet familiar with the fact that there is no past; that what is known as past is a phase of the great eternal present through which the soul lives eternal, sometimes hampered by flesh and blood to which it learns too well to cling, sometimes, on the verge of chaos, associating itself with

but the remnants of its earthly existence, bones. In three ages alternate the soul: The age of flesh and blood, the age of bones, and the age of abstraction. At present we will mention but the second or intermediate age. There are many things common to this stage with the first, of flesh and blood, as well as with things bordering on abstraction. For instance, the quality of hate is retained for a long time. Ah, how that bag of bones sometimes hates me! How fearfully 'my wife' threatens as an embodiment of hatred!"

Here I was more frightened than ever before. With an aggressive finger directed toward the professor's breast, close at his side, was distinguishable like the shadow of evil that very hag, truly, now an embodiment of hatred, her features were terribly contracted like the face of one of the furies. There was no terror on the professor's face, only most intense suffering. It lasted but a moment, then the apparition disappeared and the professor became more calm.

Soon he added as though no interruption had occurred. "To hear them rage that they have not the wherewith to direct a knife thrust, nor the force to drive it home—well, it is highly entertaining. More so to reflect that their hatred is just; that they must be reconciled." He must have been referring to the bones in the bag.

Silence for a time. Then prompted by a happy thought he suggested that we might better talk over cigars. I took the cue, remembering my friend's peculiarity, which I ascribed to weakness of genius, and soon we were strolling in the suburbs with the additional company of good cigars, which seemed peculiarly to lend their intoxicating odor and fanciful wreaths to meditation this afternoon. Then, too, it was just the time of day when one is wont to walk for a long time without saying anything audibly. The sun was just withdrawing from the mountains. Having made up his mind to furnish the earth with a short, absence, because possibly of impatience manifested at noon by some overmodest thing on account of the intensity of his gaze, he was now consoling his favorites, the mountains—perhaps promising to kiss them an early good morning.

The professor observed the last golden spot upon the mountain peak. Then grasping my arms with a little more enthusiasm than was pleasant, he exclaimed with a touch of the melodramatic, "Night will soon descend like a black swarm of disembodied spirits to whom the earth is given over for a brief space to wreak their desires upon men." Here he laughed genially. "Do I like the night? Why, yes, as well as the day. For my proteges, the spirits of bones are fond of darkness."

The man was becoming benevolent. The wine of companionship tingled in my veins, intoxication of congeniality prompted me to offer a hand. To have ever thought that his hand would be as the tail of a snake! Like a man—no not like a man perhaps—he looked me in the

face. There was some drug in the glance of his eye—but not poisonous. If it were undoubtedly 'twas a narcotic.

"I am not mistaken," he cried exultantly, and then went on, "This is my communicative period, very often at such times, feeling a desire to let materiality into some of the spiritual secrets, I stay within doors, relating to the four walls of my room the secrets of those things which they have seen and heard as well as many other things. Excuse me, sir, but you are very ignorant, very ignorant compared to those walls. Perhaps your wisdom would compare favorably with the walls of yonder school building, but it is nothing considered together with the walls of yonder school building, but it is nothing considered together with the ancient house you see over there crumbling into a weakness which may reluctantly surrender its secrets."

"Ah, well, let us return to personalities. You have a tongue which has the possibility of relating wonderful facts, the memory of your preceding life once fired; your ears are large; and thirdly, I believe you a criminal! Don't look so concerned, you have nothing of the kind of charge to your present life. What I mean is this: That I believe you have murdered, although it was centuries ago. Now these advantages are greater than any my old house can offer. You will be of inestimable value to me, I to you. You will come to me henceforth daily, and learn of me."

"Wait," I cried, "Not so fast. Remember I am not yet yours body and soul. I mistrust you. Your knowledge may be only of facts. It would be foolish to say otherwise, for I too have studied much, but I see blood upon your hands. You murdered those human beings the remnants of whom you keep in that gruesome bag. Don't deny and add falsehood to your burdened conscience."

All this was said with righteous indignation, extultant toward the last as I discerned a shadow pass over his fine face.

"That is my own matter, directly; and possibly not connected in any way with you—possibly, but, oh, that it might not be uncertain. I will confess thus far, that those are my closet skeletons with which I have been blessed rather bountifully. It is wrong to seclude them to a closet, when by their presence I do penance."

Here he paused, overcome by such a violent emotion as I had never seen displayed upon a man's face. "Oh God! How I have labored to make reparation."

Turning and grasping my shoulders fiercely, he said, "Wish with all your heart, pray that my theories may prove themselves. So near the test—you must not fail me! I will teach you everything, all, more than other mortal knows and then I will prove the truth, **THE CIRCLE WILL BE COMPLETED; REPARATION SHALL BE MADE!**"

For some time he walked at a great rate, then gradually calmed.

"You misjudge me to a great extent. For from being a person of evil intent, I am possessed of a philanthropic zeal which has alienated me from my fellow creatures. I love humanity enough to extend my energies toward providing for the welfare of their bones. By the aid of my assistants and the inspiration of 'my wife.' I make it possible for souls to withhold themselves for a long time from the wild atomic whirl of the universe. Every man hates to discard old clothes in which he has met the trials and adversities of life. It is they that assist him to sustain his individuality. And since he must be straightway stripped of flesh, I see to the preservation of the bones which are part of the old clothes of fellow mortals. Thus they are introduced to their destinies in the abstract making of universe. Their spirits tenaciously hold to what personality that may be left them in the identification of themselves with their old clothes. True they can inhabit their bones only so long as they last, but it is a preparation for them, to learn in this intermediate capacity what will recompense them and make them happy in their universal destiny. You see it is impossible for the pitiable creature, man, to enter all at once into the third great change in the steps leading to spiritual evolution."

"This is grand, this law and means of spiritual evolution whereby the bestial love of sensual pleasures is educated out of mankind; whereby the each recurring generation brings more pure spirituality into the world than the last. Wonderful is the means! The spirit, freed from flesh and bone is ascribed a duty common to all in which never for once can self be considered. Lost in the great principle of the universe, forgetful of personality, throughout a service of centuries length does the spirit become imbued with a higher sense of duty and a greater fineness of mind which fortifies it against the passions and weakness of flesh when it comes again to enter into substance and become a personality."

And so he ran on, enthusiastically setting forth the principles and workings of this new species of philanthropy. This was his human hobby and he cherished it as tenderly as the modern philanthropist envies his scheme of regeneration and reform through his orphan's homes. Every person has a hobby which is the outgrowth of his own peculiar mind. It may be provision for the comfort of homeless cats or for the compensation of unfortunately born children, or for the refining of soul, all varying as the several greatness of their founders.

In extenuation of his hobby he related his belief that his spirit, when last he lived on earth, was too soon severed from poor preserved bones; that with all the prejudices and narrowness of flesh and blood clinging to it, was precipitated into the universal whirl, which was a veritable purgatory, partly because his spirit had not been through with material life long enough to have ideals changed, partly for the reason, that greatly handicapped by lack of preparation, it could nowhere dis-

cover its affinity, nor the circle in which it belonged. It was from his very experience, he said, which he had, in some remarkable manner, been enabled to remember, that his inspiration was drawn from his bone philosophy.

Half amused, I listened with wonder to his rambling conversation. As to my attitude toward him, I felt myself continually hesitating between the impulse to give up myself wholly to him, and the desire to study him as a curiosity. I could now understand him well enough to know that he was seeking certain people who for some reason or other, in some way or other, he should unite. I knew that he thought me one of them, but I was not half convinced that he was not mistaken.

Our walk was finished in silence a little after dark, and when I left the professor I promised that nine o'clock would see me at his quarters in accordance with his invitation to go with him to a certain club where there were some friends whom he wished me to know.

Hastening to reach home, I greeted the rest and loneliness of my rather humble lodgings with profound relief, after so much excitement. No wonder there are people who idealize a place of restful oblivion as Heaven itself. But is there no possibility of rest and yet activity of spirit, leaving oblivion out of consideration? The professor had assured me that there was more even that probability of such, that every one will finally in the course of eternity reach the place of eternal rest **without impairing his gratification in satisfaction of activity.** Still he probably thinks his self predestined by affinity to union with myself—which cannot be, else my relief when becoming rid of his presence is false? Anyway there is no real satisfaction until the truth becomes known and the mystery of this man be unravelled; for he has stirred yearnings that lie too deep in my nature.

Oh, that club! There hangs over me another event threatening to be as startling as everything else connected with the professor—that meeting with his friends whom he mentions as likely to take hold of my heart. Truly I dread the encounter. The mere thought of society with its artificialities and insincerities was always repugnant to me. But what would the professor's friends be like?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Through Another's Window

In the last edition of the Kaimin there appeared articles entitled "My Hero" and "My Heroine" dealing with the ideal man and woman, or rather the ideal University boy and girl. Undoubtedly there is no one who has not an ideal, although they may not confess it even to themselves. It is very hard, sometimes, to allow these ideals to be inspected by the criticising gaze of others, for in them are embodied the per-

son's idea of perfection, the very highest type of perfection. But it is not the object of this article to be an exhaustive discussion of ideals, neither is it to be a criticism of those published. It is to be merely a comparison and a sort of completion of the ideal heroine as portrayed last month.

Judging from the article, "My Heroine," it seems that, that author's ideal must have the following qualities. She must be popular, must be a good student in every sense of the word, she must be pretty, graceful, strong, healthy, strong-minded, faithful, cheerful, modest, reserved. Some accomplishment, as music, is desired, but can be omitted very nicely and without inconvenience if a young lady possessing it along with the other qualities cannot be found. Certainly the author of "My Heroine" need not seek far to find his ideal. The only peculiarity of his requirements is their extreme practicability.

But it seems that the article cannot contain the entire portrayal of the writer's ideal. There is so much lacking. An explanation concerning the neglect of his heroine's mental qualities is offered. But surely the mind which conceived an ideal having such an external appearance would not have his conception of the perfect type of girlhood to be endowed with what ever traits of character chance or heredity might impose. The result might be disappointing.

Will the author of "My Heroine" pardon an attempt to ascribe a few of the mental qualities which are ideal, such as he portrayed, might possess? She has already been endowed with strong mindedness, faithfulness, steadfastness and cheerfulness. The only fault, (if such a term is permissible in this article), is her "strongmindedness." Is that really an attribute of an ideal? Is a "strongminded" ideal a very enticing object? Do not understand me to mean that my ideal is not capable of thinking for herself, and holding opinions of her own. Not at all, but do not let her be called "strong-minded." That term is applied to that very objectionable person, "the new woman," and to the ranting advocate of "woman's rights." Do not let our ideal be ranked with them.

Of course, an ideal cannot be whimsical, peevish, changeable. She must be, as the author has said "true and faithful." She must not be one to break her word, or waver from her sense of right and wrong. She will be a bright, thoughtful girl—frank and truthful. Her mind will be so pure and true that the hardest truth will have no terror for her. She will not even tell "white fibs." She will, of course, be up-to-date: nevertheless no up-to-date slang will fall from her lips. Does it not hurt the fancy to think for an instant, even of your ideal as bawling out, "cut it out," "forget it," "go chase yourself," or allowing any rude expletive to express her displeasure.

My ideal, and undoubtedly yours, too, would not be the one to heap words of blame, criticism, and wrong upon one not present to de-

fend themselves. On the other hand she is ruled by kindness of heart and sympathy for all mankind. Do you not, when alone and dreaming, love to think of your ideal as doing deeds of love and kindness and beauty and gentleness? Does she not seem even dearer when pictured in such a scene than when in more mirthful moods, for this heroine is a lover of fun and laughter. She is jolly, too, in addition to great beauty of character. She is kind-hearted, she is not unjust, she is capable of looking matters squarely in the face without flinching. She is not meddlesome; has a friendly interest in her companions, but it never leads her to stoop to quizzing and prying. Above all, she is a girl whom one can trust. You can make her your confident without fearing that your confidence will be betrayed. Any trust placed in her will be guarded as jealously, no more jealously than if it was her own. She will be a girl who will "stick up" for a fellow and stand by him thro' thick and thin, as long as there is a grain of good left in him. She will not desert her friends when the futile tide of popularity turns. In short she will be a girl who, as some poet says, "shows how sweet the angels in Heaven may be."

The Stupidity of a Genius

Commencement week with all its excitements and pleasure had passed. For some, a short vacation only would intervene before they would again meet in the dear old halls and stroll over the campus.

Not so with Arthur Lockland. As he sat in the car and looked listlessly out on the fields and meadows as they flew by, he suddenly realized the purposelessness of the life upon which he was now to enter. He hardly knew what he had to live for. True he had been considered a genius at college. His classmates had often said that one day they would be glad to claim him as a classmate but no one had spoken of any sorrow at parting with him. They would be busy and happy in their particular spheres and would not miss him.

It had only been during the past few days that he had thought of this. His whole pleasure in college had been in proving his intellectual superiority and he had done this easily. To know that with little effort he could accomplish those tasks over which the body of students labored hours with only partial success had been an infinite source of happiness to him. He had won the admiration of both faculty and students, he had gone deeply into the masterpieces of the world's wisdom and had made much of it his own, and yet he felt that he had missed something that his fellow students had gained. There was one thing lacking in his life for which his enviable reputation as a student could not atone.

He could not point to a single one in all his list of classmates and

say, "There is a friend." Not one would ever think of him except as a brilliant student.

"Yes," came the thought, "There is one who might—but Lucia Martyn is a friend to everyone—doubtless she told that stupid Hiram Moore that she would miss him. She was thinking of the college days that were passed, that accounted for the tears which made her eyes so bright. I'll not be fool enough to think she cared for me."

Ten years had passed, and Lucia Martyn was still a "friend to everyone." She was not exceptionally brilliant, nor was she beautiful, but her simple friendliness and quick sympathy had made her a social success. Therefore she was more pleased than otherwise when her hostess approached her at an evening reception and said, "Miss Martyn there is a gentleman who will be here presently whom I have found it almost impossible to entertain. We never seem to get beyond the subject of the weather. He is learned and I am afraid to approach any subject which would lead me to display my lack of wisdom. Now you will try and make the evening pleasant for him and save my reputation as a hostess, won't you? You can do it if you will."

Lucia smiled her acceptance of the trust and could not help watching just a little anxiously for the social hermit to appear. She wished to form an estimate of him before he was introduced. She was denied this opportunity however as she was busily talking with a group of people and did not observe him when he entered. She was thus engaged when she heard her hostess voice at her elbow.

"Miss Martyn, allow me to present Mr. Lockland."

At the sound of the name she started just a little but the manner in which she responded "How do you do Mr. Lockland," betrayed nothing beyond a polite pleasure at meeting him.

It required only a glance to convince her that this was her old classmate, but the same glance assured her that the recognition was not mutual.

Her former acquaintance with him made her understand Mrs. Atlin's failure to converse with him. He was something more than a society man and doubtless was almost as easily bored by the ordinary drawing room conversation as he had been in his college days.

With the tact that had made her such a general favorite she led him from one subject to another until before he was fully aware she had succeeded in bringing him to some lines of thought and philosophy into which she had first been led by his brilliant discussions.

The memory of the times when with him and under the stimulus of his greater intellect she had first begun these lines of thought, were among the most precious of her recollections. So interested were they in their subject that they had become forgetful of those about them until Mrs. Atkin approached them with the words, "Really, Mr. Lockland, I

can't allow you to entirely monopolize Miss Martyn's company. Doubtless you would like to know some of these other ladies."

Before he knew it Arthur Lockland was endeavoring to be politely interested in the conversation of a beautiful young woman who "doted on Wagner," and at the same time notice his former companion's apparent absorption in a dapper young man whose engaging smile and "weally now, Miss Martyn," betrayed the emptiness of his brain.

During all his conversation with Miss Martyn, Lockland had been strangely aware of something which recalled the past but not until later in the evening when he heard some one call her "Lucia," did he realize that this young woman who had so greatly attracted him was his old classmate. As soon as he could do so without extreme rudeness he abruptly began.

"Miss Martyn—Lucia—you surely remember Madison College, the class of '94 and Arthur Lockland."

"I remember them better," she replied sweetly, much better, than you seem to remember Lucia Martyn,—Yes, Mr. Robinson (this to the dapper young man) I will go now if the carriage is waiting—Good night Mr. Lockland."

When she had gone he stood for a moment bewildered and then inwardly caling himself a fool sought out his hostess to inquire awkwardly enough for Miss Martyn's address.

When scarcely two months later Lucia Martyn had promised to become his wife, Arthur, referring to their first meeting said, "I can't understand, Lucia, dear, why I did not know you at once."

With a twinkle of fun in her eye Lucia responded, "Simple stupidity was undoubtedly the cause, and of all stupidity in the world that of a genius is hardest to forgive."

—L. M. H.

Carlyle's Optimism

"I hear but one voice; that is from Concord."

The man Carlyle had listened for the voice of God in the ravings and tempetuous storms which were uprooting mighty trees on every hand in the forest primeval of his own mind; with outward ear he had strained to catch the profound intonations of a divine message in the tumult of French Revolutions and uprisings of stormful emotions in Dantes of higher and lower degree; but above the roar of loosed elements there came a sweet voice, penetrating the clouds of confusion, calm and serene as the voice heard in Abraham's tent, and it came from Concord, and its music was so sweet vibrating within his breast that he ever heard it and none other 'twas the voice of optimistic serenity, and it found in the foundation of Carlyle's being an echoing sympathetic chord such as was entirely silent to the contending utterances of pes-

simism. In another letter to Emerson he begs him, oh, to understand him and know that at bottom there was so little difference between them; to but come down from his heights and love him as a kindred spirit, with a substantial comrade's love!

The exalted Emerson descended not and Carlyle was alone and misguided. The angry, maddening ills of life buzzed like singing insects about his acute ear; every miserable fact had voice and called out for redress, and he spent his life largely in vengeful snappings and irritability. Something of a tragedy it truly is to have one's noblest impulses somewhat tainted by contact with bitter gall; to live an optimist at heart, a pessimist at stomach. For it is one of the sorriest most humiliating tricks of nature to make a universal condition contingent upon a meanest detail. It is from this that his apologists affirm that the real nature of Carlyle was free from the rankling of discontent, but was subservient to the condition of his stomach, putting too much stress upon Carlyle's own statements in which he so frequently refers to the witty suggestion that alone all else in the direction of a man's thought and action is the tyrannical power of warring digestive organs—a statement referable to his peculiar, exaggerated humor, which has led to even very much worse interpretations.

As a matter of fact, while there cannot be the slightest doubt as to a man's physical condition affecting the determination of his characteristics, we have Schiller's, Johnson's Stevenson's and thousands of humbler men's spirits about us to attest that it is far from decisive. We prefer to forget even the necessity, so paltry a thing as a stomach—'tho this is never Carlyle's probable course toward anything—in contemplation of the immensities to which he transports us. Seriously, is there not nobler and more accurate cause for Carlyle's well known imperfections of temper which often betrayed him into a seemingly uncharitable or morose position toward the world's people, in the words that he himself uses in explaining Schiller's sensitive organism: "Talent of any sort is generally accompanied with a peculiar firmness of sensibility; of genius this is the most essential constituent; and life in any shape has sorrows enough for hearts so formed." So let us cease to entertain the thought, coming incongruously second to our impression of a grand, unlimited spirit, that this spirit was so trammelled.

But if the term stomach must be used in discussing this character—and we think it an excellent word, rightly used, to describe Carlyle's pessimism, let us give it a broader meaning, a capacity to hold all the indigestible wants and wrongs that needs must present themselves to be taken into the system of a hungry nature, and there keep them fermenting and menacing the sweetness of healthful foods. He sees about him the recklessness of nearly every person passing his way and says, with only too good reason, that "There is not one in thousand with

the smallest turn for thinking; and that those masses go about with little volition, seeking the leadership of a divine man. But none realize with more awful sense of responsibility the sacredness of every person's individuality." He says, "Every unit of those masses is a miraculous man, struggling with vision or with blindness for his infinite kingdom." And, "Louis was a ruler; but are thou not also one? His wide France, look at it from the stars (themselves not yet infinitude) is no wider than the narrow brickfield, where thou too didst faithfully or didst unfaithfully."

Did he really believe this world given over to wrongdoers basking in the moonlight of Sham? We heartily disbelieve it. The reformer, who cries from out the wilderness, must speak with no uncertain words of those evils he has come to reform; the hosts of Right must be aroused to a full appreciation of the opposing forces. It is not unlikely that the zeal of opposition raise up oftentimes phantom armies that do not, but might well exist. He truly believed that there was no proper ascendancy of the aristocracy of talent, but seldom he forgot that every man, no matter how provided he be a man, was a potential hero. However, despite the potentiality of universal heroism he must keep going, always doing and daring, like Cromwell, in a tactful or untactful manner whatever was needful for the supremacy of his cause—in this case the great common cause of right. Bravely he subjects all things to the supreme test. Is this in accordance with the laws of God, nature and the universe? and if it be as dear to his compassionate heart as his right hand to his body he casts it sadly, sternly away, raising a resolute, mighty voice in his oft repeated utterance, "It is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle."

With him right and wrong were eternally and oppositely fixed, one attracting to itself light, love and life, the other heaping up in everlasting hatred, death, despair and destruction; they were fixed by unchangeable decree of God, who to the righteous highest was ever present in person, inspiring eternal war upon the devil and his doers. Spurred by the keenness with which he feels the tragic realities about him, he rants, really rants, bitterly, in a way applicable to the position of his beloved Emerson, against all who delude themselves by such high sounding phrases as universal love and unlimited mercy. Poor man! that must bring to rebound upon himself the distresses and abuses of the world, and assert paradoxically as he does that no true pity can be which rises not from "rigour, silent, sorrowful, inexorable!" Poor great man, who, unlimited save by a dyspeptic public stomach, cannot grasp as his own, unconsciously sought, the yearning pity of even-lenient angels and transcendental Emersons!

Cannot attain to Emmerson's sphere. And yet there is an undercurrent of subconsciousness that keeps admonishing him that Emer-

son is right; that will not rest but gently lap away grains of sand, by which his tower of realism is menaced. Like the wavelets upon a placid lake this gentle doctrine of Emerson's wore upon the sternness of his soul as the ripples to the rocks, and there was always an answering surge of the nebular, volcanic stuff confined within its stern external walls. As he that can read poetry is in so far a poet so was Carlyle a potential Emerson.

"A bale-fire kindled in the night,
By night a blaze, by day a cloud,
With flame and smoke 'all England woke,—
It climbed so high it roared so loud."

"While o'er Massachusetts pines
Uprose a white and steadfast star;
And many a night it hung unwatched,—
It shone so still, it seemed so far."

"But light is fire and fire is light;
and mariners are glad for these,—
The torch that flares along the coast,
The star that beams above the seas."

—S. R. L.

Character Development in College

Not long ago the Spectator overheard the remark, "If I can hold out just one year more I shall take a year off to enjoy life and make up for the pleasure I am missing while engaged in study." Evidently this student was anticipating a time when he could feel at liberty to enjoy himself as he pleased. Possibly he expected to be able—after completing a great task—to devote some little time to pleasure.

It may be this was the right view for him to take, we do not deny him that privilege. But if observations of daily life count for aught we certainly will find that if he succeeds the time, which can be devoted entirely to pleasure will never come. If the individual in question gets through college one year hence, he will require all the time at his disposal for other affairs. Unless, of course, he has no ambition or purpose in life, then he will have an abundance of time which might as well be spent in pleasure as any other way. We call to mind an instance which we notice in the city a few days ago. A young man, a picture of perfect health was sitting on the iron railing usually placed as a guard along the street entrances to basements. To a companion who approached him he remarked: "I have been waiting here three hours for you."

"Why didn't you look me up, you knew where to find me," replied his companion.

Because I thought I might as well sit here as some other place."

And that is just the case of the student who would take off a year for pleasure. If he has no object in view the time when or where is immaterial.

However, a man who has taken the pains to go through college certainly must have a purpose in life, else why should he go to this trouble and expense. Four years is a long time to devote to mental discipline, and if it is not to be employed toward some useful end the good results will soon be lost.

Every individual owes something to society; he cannot afford to be an idler. There is no room for the drone. John Smith in governing the Virginia colony, made it evident that he who did not work should not eat. What was true there is no less true now and especially if the man who has been trained to cope with the difficulties of life.

But this is not all that is to be found in a college training. Day by day the development of character should keep pace with the discipline of the intellect. The college man learns to put aside the notion of spending time in frivolity as well as the idea that he can apportion it for work and pleasure just as he sees fit. A great many college students have the idea—perhaps it is inherent in all youth—that it is unnecessary to give any serious thought to the affairs of life until one has had all the pleasure possible. Now such an idea is entirely erroneous and should be eliminated in college. When a man leaves colleges and goes out into the world to take up his burden of the responsibilities of life he will find that he can often devote all the time at his command to his work and still leave the impression that he should give it more. No matter whether he occupy an inferior position, or be at the head of an institution or commercial establishment he will have to be at his post of duty late and early if he wishes to succeed or bring success to those depending upon him.

Then too the man who really enjoys life is the man who is busy. Bringing it nearer home, is it not the student who is busiest during the week that gets the most pleasure out of an opera or party on a Friday or Saturday evening? Is not the busiest the most successful at the end of the year and the one who enjoys his vacation the most? The college student for nine months must attend faithfully to his business. His hours are set and he must be present or account for his absence. There may be days when he would prefer to remain away, but conscientiously he finds it impossible. In all justice to himself and his professors he must be present, for his contract, to perform a special number of hours of work each week, is as valid as any he will enter into after leaving college.

Consequently there is a gradual development of a trait which will enable one to subdue himself and perform the stern duties of life even when distasteful. Napoleon said, "Character was victory organized." If so, then the student, above all others, should be competent to subdue and take the initiative at all times.

—SPECTATOR.

My Hero

My Hero? Well, perhaps my hero will not be your hero. Indeed, I would not want him to be. If such an individual exists I should want him myself.

My hero must be a man in every sense of the word. I desire him to be a college man. None of your namby pamby dudes who think only of the cut of their clothes and the angle of their eye glass. His main motive must not be to see how many girls he can get on the string.

He must take an interest in his studies, not spend his time in wandering about the campus with the girls. He will realize that this a detriment to the beauty as well as the condition of the campus. He must refrain from lying prostrate on the ground at the feet of some maiden all the noon hour. I would not want him to stand about in the corridors in some corner bending over that he may hear the secrets that some short lady is pouring into his ears. Neither would I consider it worthy of his position to stand in the gym and by the aid of a looking glass shine on the modest maids who wish to enjoy the music of the band.

My hero must be a gentleman on all occasions, not noisy and boisterous, trying to attract attention to himself. He would not clap at every trifle that takes place in Convocation hall. He must not be bashful and backward. He must always be courteous. The old time chivalry must not be lacking but this politeness must not be carried to a painful extent.

He must be an interesting conversationalist. His language must be cultivated but not so proper that he would not stoop to use a slang phrase occasionally. I would not wish him to be a continual user of slang that harshly rends the SWEET air about the campus.

I would wish him to limit himself to at least six cases a semester. I know the girls get tired of these modern young men very soon but he must not be tiresome.

I want him to have a well developed and athletic body. I do not want him to be such an athlete that he has no time to study grammar and writing. His body must be a well proportioned and worthy dwelling place for his mind.

I do not wish that he should be handsome. I do not care if he is

what you call homely if his face showed character and feeling. He must not be ashamed to look one in the eye but be able to hold himself up as true and honest. I mistrust many of these handsome men. A pretty man is too feminine. He thinks too much about himself. I have seen several lately with those sickening, self satisfied grins on their faces.

He must be jolly and fun loving, but not daring and bold. He must be able to laugh with the world. I do not want him to be one of those boys who are always cracking "bum jokes" and then laughing at their own wit. It seems as 'tho I dreamed once upon a time that there were several of these boys attending the U. I must have made a mistake though.

I would not want him to become a member of the Donkey Club that congregates in the corridor and at either side of the steps at the close of every University affair. It shows such good taste to stand and gaze at the University visitors. It also helps to put young ladies at ease. Indeed it is very gentlemanly.

Well I have given you a pretty good idea of how I wish my hero to be. If you should accidentally, and it certainly be an accident, meet him strolling about the campus or gazing enraptured at the windows of the Dorm tell him I would like to see him.



EDITORIALS

John D. Jones

The cold winter days are practically all gone, and except for an occasional bluster, spring, with all her gorgeousness of dress, is here.

Spring. Already the cheering songs of bird greet our ears, and the green tinge of trees and hills meets the eye. Old bicycles are being cleaned and oiled for use. Winter clothes packed and spring clothes unpacked. A new sphere of action is open, and life will once more become a pleasure. Along with these new conditions The Kaimin also, wishes to greet its readers decked in a new spring costume and hope the change will meet with the approbation of all.

* * *

With the new effusion of life which the bright spring days bring to every student, we have wondered if you do not for a moment forget

"My University." Yes, on these beautiful days when all the air seems to be filled with pleasant voices which invite you away from school duties, do you not feel inclined to let yourself drift with the tide? At such moments permit us to whisper, "My University." For her sake, arouse yourself to your sense of duty. This is the busiest season of the year. Debates, baseball, track and oratorical contests invite our attention, and we must do strenuous work if we are to win or even make a creditable showing in any line. Let us think seriously what these events mean to "My University" and to ourselves. Prepare to run your work on schedule time. If you have worked hard thus far, work harder for the next two and a half months. Put spirit and vim into class and non-class activities. Let the spring of 1905 mark an unparalleled epoch in University affairs, and thus reflect credit upon ourselves, "Our University" and "Our State."

* * *

April 7th marks the date of Buckley contest. At that time the orator for state contest at Helena will be chosen. We hope that the preliminary contest will be keenly contested, and will ex-

Orators and cell those of previous years. Last year there were five
Debators. contestants, this year there ought to be at least twice as many. The Kaimin is pleased to hear that several young ladies are out for forensic honors. This is the first time for several years that they have entered. Young ladies, may success crown

your efforts. We look for a close contest, and that the winner on April 7th will also be the winner of the state contest in May.

Debating circles also give promise of healthy rivalry, already, ten have signified their intention to enter in the preliminary for U. of M. vs. W. A. C. debate, which is to take place here April 21st. The question is live and up-to-date and ought to prove instructive and interesting. So far we have not heard of any ladies preparing to enter the debate. Why not try girls? Both Helena and Bozeman had girls on their teams. To those who are working on the question we urge hard work. The U. of M. must put out a winning team this year. Last year's debate was close, let this year's be so close that we shall be the victors. Get in and dig and show our friends from W. A.C. that we can debate as well as play football. Make the 21st of April a red letter date on the University calendar.

* * *

The work in track and baseball is progressing nicely and owing to the early spring and splendid weather, these two athletics are most fortunate. The track has recently been covered with cinders rolled, and is in the best of condition. The baseball diamond is also all that can be desired. Baseball enthusiasts are in their glory, nearly every afternoon from twenty to twenty-five are out getting their "wings" into shape, and practicing batting "ins," "outs," "drops," and "up shoots." Material for a good baseball team is very promising and we look for another champion team. Several games have already been secured and with John McLeod as manager and "Shorty Corbin" as captain, The Kaimin feels confident of a successful season.

The track team is progressing as well as can be expected. Under the direction of Coach Conibear the men are drilling faithfully. Nearly all of last year's men are out and several new men are in evidence. On the whole, spring athletics are very auspicious.

* * *

Within the last two weeks a new venture has been launched by the Mechanical Engineering department, in the way of an engineering magazine, which is to be called the Montana Journal of Technology. A stock company has been formed and sufficient bonds floated to make the venture an assured success. The object of the stockholders is to publish a magazine about 6x9 inches in size containing about seventy pages. The material is to be on strictly engineering topics, productions to be secured for alumni professors and advanced students. The magazine will be profusely illustrated, neatly edited and should certainly appeal to anyone interested in engineering or mechanical work. Mr. Leo Greenough has been elected editor-in-chief and Mr. James Bonner business manager.

Under their direction and assistance of Prof. Sibley, The Kaimin feels confident of the Journal's success. With the advent of the Montana Journal of Technology, The Kaimin feels no intrepidation, as the field of work occupied by each is entirely separate. The two papers are by no means rivals. The Kaimin wishes the Journal long life and unlimited success.

* * *

The reading given by Prof. S. H. Clark of the Chicago University, was one of the best entertainments ever given in the U. of M. Chapel, and those who heard him were more than pleased. The

Clark. only unfortunate thing was small attendance. Less than two hundred were present. However, the blame this time was not due as much to students as to outsiders, for the students turned out very liberally, but few outsiders seemed to think it worth while to hear Mr. Clark's rendition of Stephen Philipps' famous drama Ulysess. When will the public be educated sufficiently to appreciate and patronize first-class things. We are almost forced to believe with the venerable Herr Bandmann, that the American public are sadly deficient in appreciation of first-class productions. "Give a vaudeville and you will have a packed house. Give a classic play or reading and you will have only a handful." Let us of the University of Montana strive to raise the standard, first, by educating ourselves for better things, then educate others, so that when the next entertainer of international repute comes here he will meet a large and appreciative audience, and thus carry away a favorable opinion of the people of Montana.

* * *

Directly in accord with the above statement, the Quill and Dagger society, under the supervision of Herr Bandmann, gave Lord Lytton's famous drama, Richelieu, on March the 3rd, to a very

Richelieu. good house. The play was excellent considering that it was gotten up in nine days, and the Quill and Dagger people certainly deserve a great deal of praise. They are doing a splendid work and merit the sincere support of the entire student body.

* * *

For the first time in the present administration of The Kaimin it becomes the unpleasant duty of the editor to write what is called a "roast," however, the duty seems unavoidable. We have, unfortunately, with us a few persons, who seem to have a very hazy idea of gentlemanly conduct. The first offence referred to was the heating of the door knobs in Science Hall, causing several to receive severe burns. Now such actions are not even funny; but positively vicious. Let us hope it will not occur again. Another act of vandalism was apparent in chapel recently. Some one thought it his or her duty to mark the cast of Sophocles with a green pencil. The drawing room of the M. E. depart-

ment is also the scene of some more thoughtlessness. Here students climb up a steam-pipe, marring the walls with foot and hand marks. Fellow students, consider that we are the protectors of the buildings and grounds, and that the duty of keeping them clean and beautiful is ours. Let it never be said of us that we have failed in this trust placed with us. Be careful, be considerate.

* * *

On Wednesday, March 8th, the "Seniors" came out for the first time in caps and gowns. As they marched into the chapel a hush fell over the undergraduates for a few seconds, then a burst of applause followed. The Kaimin wishes the class of 1905 many pleasant days in the months to come. Undergraduates cheer up, you will all be Seniors bye and bye—if you work hard enough.

* * *

"My Hero" and "My Heroine," published in last month's Kaimin aroused considerable interest, and numerous replies have come in this month. Evidently people's ideas of heros and heroines differ directly as the number of individuals. So if you do not find your Hero or Heroine in this issue do not be offended, the reason was because they were unworthy.

* * *

Evidently the poetic must was forced to leave, owing to the February cold snap and has not returned yet, consequently the prize for U. of M. songs has gone by default, none being handed in. However, we hope the need will be supplied in some other way.

* * *

The Clarkia's annual was an unprecedented success. The play given was unique and showed much originality. The scenic effect of the stage was very aesthetic. Clarkia, congratulations.

* * *

Although the University did not get all she asked from the legislature, we are grateful for amount received and will keep forging ahead with as much vigor as ever.

* * *

Hawthorne Annual, March 17th.

* * *

Buckley Contest, April 7th.

Societies of the University

March will be the red letter month for the University societies. The Clarkia and Hawthorne will render their annual programmes, which judging from the mystery and secrecy surrounding the preparation, will out do all former occasions. The Shakespeare club is busily occupied with Lear and a good attendance up to the present has been reported. The Quill and Dagger society have every cause to feel proud on their successful presentation of Richelieu under the guidance of the famous Herr Bandmann. They have demonstrated their ability to attempt serious dramatic work, may they be heard from oftener. The fraternities are quietly at work and will be heard from occasionally.

* * *

Associated Mechanical Engineers

The Engineers are at this time the envy and interest of all students in the University. They are having meetings which for real merit can not be equalled any place, and they are doing things which any university might be proud of and in this instance we are certain that their efforts are appreciated and duly recorded.

In founding a Journal of Technology they have undertaken a colossal proposition and we feel certain that it will be a decided success, for both faculty and students have sworn their services and their interest certainly means that the Montana Journal of Technology will win a name and fame among such papers and magazines.

At a meeting of the stockholders of "The Journal," Mr. T. L. Greenough was elected President with Mr. James H. Bonner as Vice-President, while Mr. Buck, Mr. Benson and Miss Anna Carter were elected to the following offices: Secretary, Treasurer and Director at Large, respectively. Another meeting was called by the stockholders at 1:30 Tuesday for the purpose of ratification of the constitution and proceedings of the previous meeting which was held on March 2nd and at which Mr. Greenough and Mr. Bonner were once more honored by being elected to Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor respectively. The above gentlemen have now a great responsibility, and the eyes of the whole school and also the critical business world are upon them and we sincerely hope that the first issue will be successful.

Prof. Sibley is deeply interested in the matter and having edited the Journal of Technology at Berkely will prove a great help to the boys in this new and highly interesting issue. They are already very grate-

ful for his help in other matters and wish to thank him for his help and sympathy in every thing they have undertaken. So with nine rah's for Sibley let us wish him success and may his shadow never grow less. The Associated Mechanical Engineers have been somewhat overshadowed by "The Journal" as it is now called, but have had a meeting which proved a surprise indeed.

The meeting was not very interesting until Charles Dimmick took the floor and read a paper on lubricants and their application. The subject being a very slippery one he had made good preparation and certainly surprised the entire audience by his oratorical ability. They say he has been taking Orator and Debate and if he has it would be very well for the entire department to see Miss Kellogg immediately.

Everything is green and if it were not for the freshmen in the engineering department we would be tempted to say "So are the freshmen."

HYPERBOLIC PERAMBULOID
TANGENT TO A DELACOID
ROUND THE PROBATE TANGENT SPHERES
WE ARE THE MECHANICAL ENGINEERS.

* * *

Hawthorne Doings

The first meeting of the semester being election the society did not render a programme. The following officers were elected by acclamation: President, Ray Logan; Treasurer, Charles Cotter; Secretary, Fred Buck; Vice-President, Jos. Striet; First Critic, John Jones; Second Critic, Hart Willis. At the close of this year Mr. Jones will have served as First Critic for four consecutive terms. He has done good and efficient service and the society has insisted on his continuing in office.

The meeting of Feb. 25, was one from which the members—who were so fortunate as to be present—derived much good. Doctor Wolfe was on hand and addressed the society. He pointed out the good to be derived from literary work and made it evident that the man who leads now-a-days was the man who could command attention while speaking. He considered that the literary societies were the laboratories where the men and women, who wished to take up the law teaching, or any of the professions, secured command of their language and the art of expression.

Professor Snoddy was also present and delivered an interesting address. Both gentlemen have the sincere thanks of the members for their deep interest.

The programme rendered was an address by the president and the regular debate. President Logan demonstrated himself to be a speaker of some merit. His speech was serious and well delivered.

The regular debate, "Resolved, That the United States should

withdraw from the Philippines, following her precedent in Cuba," proved and interesting subject for discussion. Laurance Goodburn and Chas. Cotter expounded for the affirmative, while Ralph Harmon and John Haywood defended the negative.

A joint meeting with the Clarkia is assured for the near future and the members are looking forward to it with keen interest. The Clarkias are as competent as their brothers in oratory, debate, and the writing of original stories and essays, and it is fitting they should meet on common ground several times a year. Besides keeping up active work in the societies it will add interest to literary work. Of course, the programme will be non-partisan, and only active members present. In this way a friendly interest will be cultivated.

* * *

Y. W. C. A.

Owing to the vacation between semesters, the association has held but three meetings since the last issue of the Kaimin. The first had for its subject "The Three Great Commandments" and was led by Miss Marguerite Berry.

On February 28, Miss Corbin gave us an interesting talk on temperance with a view of arousing interest in this great subject in which girls have such a mighty part.

The attendance has been very good so far, but the largest meeting of the year for Y. W. at least, was the joint meeting held March 1st, there being forty-six persons present, twenty-seven of them girls. The subject was "Are You A Member? If not, Why Not?" The enthusiasm which comes of members is very helpful and we hope that the meeting has been of benefit in interesting the student body in general in the work of the two associations. The leaders were Lawrence Goodburn and Jessie Bishop.

Y. W. is still taking orders for silk flags for the inter-scholastic meet, and expects to fill them week after next, by the twenty-fifth, so order at once that you may be in time for the first sale.

At the yearly election March 7th, the following officers were elected: President, May Hamilton; Vice-President, Anna Hutter, Secretary, Josie Robb; Treasurer, Susie Garlington.

For the past two years, that is, since the organization of the work here, Miss Avery May has been president and it is with deep regret that we allow her to relinquish the rod of office. However, we feel that the president-elect is well qualified to carry on the work which her predecessor lays down, and to all the new officers we extend best wishes and a hearty God-speed for the coming year.

Shakespeare Club

The Shakespeare Club has had two meetings during the past four weeks. The first was occupied in completing Hamlet. The play was taken up from various standpoints and was described under the following heads:

Shakespeare's Art Miss Glancy
Was Hamlet's Love For Ophelia Genuine Miss Simpson
Historical Setting Miss Bishop
Resolved, That Hamlet Was Insane, affirmative, Mr. Harmon, negative,
Mr. Streit.

Philosophy of Play Mr. Jones
Is Shakespeare Seen Through The Play of Hamlet Everybody.

At the second meeting King Lear was under discussion. At this meeting three new members were added, viz: Miss Evans, Mr. Goodbourn and Mr. Williams. The club is now complete, and good times are in sight. The club assembled in Literary Hall at 8:00 p. m., and gathering around a table like true knights began the discussion which lasted until the Chapel clock struck ten. Although all the members were not present the meeting was more than usually interesting. Characters discussed were:

King Lear Miss Bishop
Duke of Albany Miss Glancy
Goneril Mr. Jones
Regan Mr. Jones
Gloster Miss Evans
Oswold Mr. Goodbourn
Court Jester Mr. Williams

* * *

Clarkia

The Clarkia Literary Society was called to order by the president, Miss Bishop, February 13th. This meeting was for the purpose of electing officers for the following semester. Miss Florence Johnson was elected president, Miss Grace Flynn, Vice-President; Miss Cora Averill, Secretary; Miss Debora Waggy Treasurer; Miss Alma Myers, Censor; Miss Maud Burns, Critic, Miss Minta McCall, Sentinel.

On Tuesday evening February 21st, the Clarkia society held a special meeting. They were called together for the purpose of initiating sixteen candidates into the mysteries of our society. They all performed their duties well. They gave the impression to the old members that they were made of good material and would be of great service in aiding the Clarkia society maintain a higher degree of excellence. We take great pleasure in welcoming you to our society.

The last meeting of this society was held February 27th. The

Vice-President, Miss Grace Flynn was in the chair. No programme was rendered as there was a great amount of business to be attended to. The Clarkia gave their Annual Friday evening March 10th, at the University. Notwithstanding the inclement weather a large audience greeted the society.

* * *

The Sign of the Four

Another page of Great Four's history has been told within the last month revealing an unthought of conspiracy brewing among its spiritual elements, which again promises a termoil in the court of justice

The summer nights seem to bid a welcome to the shadowy forms, tempting them forth from their narrow confines and reap revenge, in the stillness of the night, for their unfortunate abode. Although the intrepid leader, the wary I-tap-a-Keg, was doomed to wing his flight to other spheres, the one motive, revenge, severed his earthly connections only to be reaped by proxy. Out in the stillness of the night gathered around the stile at the University, the many forms danced as they saluted the spot where once there hanged about the neck the lifeless form of their admired leader.

An uncanny atmosphere seemed to settle around the spot as if to bid warning to approachers who should cross the threshold of the gallows, and disturb the spiritual tribute to the dead. Ah, but did the approaching couples take warning? No. The angry spirits in their frenzied rage sought retaliation; closed in upon the stronger sex and dissolved them in the darkness, or perhaps, wafted them to another sphere. We know not where.

* * *

Band Notes

The notes from this organization are somewhat like the Democrats in the last election and at this time are very hard to find.

The band boys were hastily summoned the Monday before the play of Richelieu was given and during that week they got themselves in very creditable condition and gave two very good concerts which were so good that the town people forgot themselves and applauded. This short practice shows what excellent and magnificent results could be attained if they would work conscientiously and steadily towards making the University Band the best in any University in the Union.

Perhaps suggestions are out of order in the Kaimin but the fact is so evident that it would mean so much to both faculty and students if only the Band could have a regular hour and attendance regulated as in any other class.

The practices are good and the material also, and if some of the

faculty could spare enough time to encourage the boys and help them in various ways the results would be better, so let us hope that this department may be in better condition by the next issue.

* * *

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. is still on the move, three very interesting meetings during the past month, besides a joint meeting with Y. W. C. A.

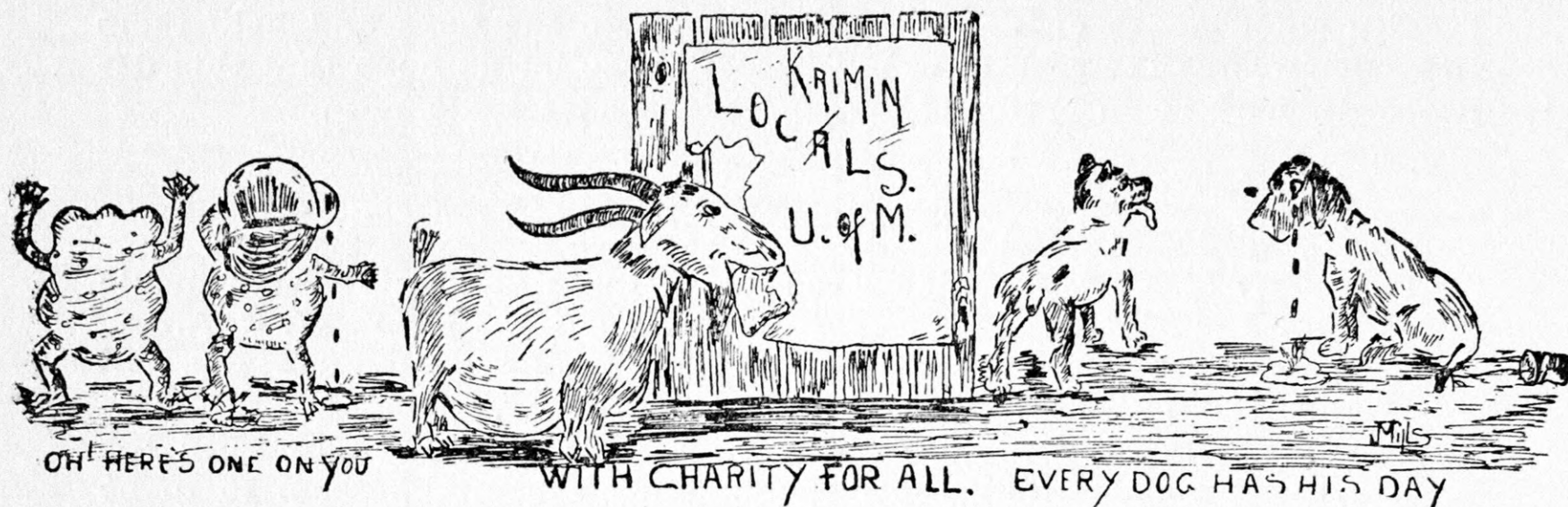
The attendance at the devotional meetings have been average, and subjects well handled, the leaders were Schoonover, Goodbourn, Spaulding, respectively. The joint meeting was largely attended by both the Y. W's being considerably the largest. These meetings seem to to be very helpful and should occur oftener.

* * *

Eti Phi Mu

The past month has been rather quiet in Eta Phi Mu circles, nothing of special importance occurring. However, internal plans are active as ever and will become known in due season. The Frat boys all attended Richelieu in a body and the red and white carnations were largely in evidence. The "Grub Box" at 222 South 6th Street is becoming more popular than ever, with the boys and the noon meal finds the table circle well filled. "Let brotherly love continue."





W. O. Dickinson and James H. Mills, Editors

Baseball captain who? Corbin.

* * *

Baseball manager, who? McLeod.

* * *

Baseball championship 1905, who? U. of M.

* * *

Lost on Feb. 25th, three boys—finder please return to Mama.

* * *

Prof. Sibley and family have moved from Prof. Scheuch's house on South 5th Street to Mr. Wilcox's home on University avenue, where they will reside for the remainder of the school year.

* * *

Where is the most popular place on 'Varsity campus? Spoony Rock.

* * *

Prep.—“Those caps and gowns.”

Another Prep.—“Yes and those knowing smiles.”

* * *

Walking on the night of Feb. 22nd, was especially fine, and the moonlight exquisite.

* * *

Freshman.—“Where do you sit in the Physics Lecture room?”

Prep.—“Up near the bald-headed Rowe.”

* * *

Ask Ray Walters if he likes to be called dear.

* * *

The town girls know how to treat the boys better than the girls at the Dorm. You ask Roby, he knows.

* * *

A letter to Dr. — from Mrs. G—h.—“Don't you dare let those horrid boys steal my Delburt again.”

It is a pleasure to see the large number of players on the diamond every night. We surely ought to pick the championship of 1905 out of the bunch.

* * *

I've seen Chemistry students,
Who to their teachers, they will not submit,
Be delighted with an experiment,
Because it was marked—"OMIT."

I've seen these selfsame students,
And those with the strongest grit,
Who always go to the theatre,
And never a show—"OMIT."

So be careful, fellow students,
If you want to make a hit,
If you get "A" this semester,
This word you'll have to—"OMIT."

You'll have to cut out the "cribing,"
Or I'll think you'll have to admit,
When the roll of fame is mentioned,
Your name they'll be sure to—"OMIT."

* * *

Work on the Annual is being pushed. The class of 1906 hope to make the best yet.

* * *

The Clarkia Annual, for the first time in several years was pulled off on date, March 10th, and it had a very disagreeable night, but this did not dampen the spirits of the people any, and a full house greeted a most successful performance.

The Clarkias diverted from their time honored custom and gave a revised dramatization of "The Princess." The stage effect was very scenic and the play well staged. The last scene was written largely by Miss Abertine Ward and Montana Buswell and show a great deal of originality. Between curtains the orchestra gave some splendid selections. The performance was certainly a success and the Hawthorne's will have "to go some" to equal it.

* * *

Dr. Craig has returned from Helena, where he has been representing U. of M. interests for some time.

* * *

The legislature evidently ran a short order house, and we were a little short—.

Miss Loretta Granahan was operated on for facial tuberculosis at the Sisters Hospital on March 10th. The operation is reported quite serious. However, we hear she is improving nicely, and hope to see her back at the 'Varsity soon.

* * *

Miss Chadwick is quite ill. We wish her a speedy recovery.

* * *

This class may be immediately excused. Did they excuse themselves? Well, I guess yes.

* * *

Miss Alice Welch left for Deer Lodge on the 11th. She returned several days later with her sister Miss Marjorie Welch, who will attend the 'Varsity for the remainder of the semester.

* * *

SONGS AND SINGERS.

"Always in the way."—The janitor.

"May, Sweet May."—Harmon.

"Come, little Johnny, come to M'Call."—Minta.

"The man with the Averalls."—Roby.

"I want my Lulu."—Elmer Johnson.

"Holmes, sweet Holmes."—Cora.

"The man behind."—Longley.

"Good morning, Carey."—Miss McKnight.

"Oh, Joe, dear Joe."—Fanny.

"The warblers."—Double Sextette.

"Down on the farm."—Joe Buckhouse.

"Absence makes the Hart grow fonder."—Mike Brainard.

"The Mansion of aching hearts."—The Dorm.

"When Johnny comes marching home."—Mrs. Flynn.

"When Reuben comes to town."—Whitesitt.

"Oh, Herbert is a foxy boy."—Edna.

"I don't care if I never make up."—Dimmick.

"You couldn't hardly notice it at all."—Gil Reinhard.

* * *

Those little blue and gold caps? Oh, those are the Sophomore caps. Aren't they nifty.

* * *

Nine rahs for the Montana Journal of Technology. The contract for publishing has been awarded to the Missoula Journal, and we feel assured that the typographical appearance will be all that can be desired.

* * *

Hawthorne Annual, March 17th. Be patriotic. Bring your colors a good programme is assured.

Physics student to Prof. Rowe—"Say, Professor, why is it that you take us in the dark to study light?"

* * *

THE LITTLE WORD "OMIT."

There's a little word of four letters,
That people often emit;
Which may change their entire life line,
The little word—"OMIT."

When you forget to study your lessons,
And your teachers you try to outwit,
You go into the Library,
And the class you simply—"OMIT."

It seems exceedingly simple
While in Physics Lab you sit,
To crib from another notebook,
And the work yourself to—"OMIT."

* * *

Doctor to Pat's wife, after Pat had been run over—"Madam, your husband is dead."

Pat jumping up suddenly—"B'gorra, and I'm not aither.

Pat's Wife—Shut up, you fool, shure the gintleman knows better than you."

* * *

The meadow larks, robins and blue birds all wore German socks during the cold snap.

* * *

The Sopomores enjoyed another one of their parties at the home of Miss Anna Hutter the latter part of February. The house was decorated in blue and gold and '07 and it produced a fine effect. Progression games were played and after the feed the party broke up after a pleasant evening.

* * *

Prof. Harkins—"What will this salt become if I put it in water?"
Wise "Chemic" student—"Wet."

* * *

At Jerricho—"Johnny, what are you trying to put that cord wood in the stove for?"

Johnny—"Oh, I made a mistake. You see I'm used to Big Timber."

* * *

"1,985,734"—"No, this is not the bank account of The Kaimin, it is simply the specific gravity of the 'Dorm.' cake."

Jack McLeod, dealer in boots and bedroom slippers. For further particulars go to the House of Jericho.

* * *

On February 3rd, the class taking Latin V, finished their work. As this was the last Latin required in their course it was decided by the members of the class to celebrate this event in a befitting way. After much discussion it was decided to have a dinner at the Hall. So on the night of February 3rd, the class together with Prof. Aber assembled and had a feast and all rejoiced that the last little book had been completed. As a slight token of the high regard felt for Prof. Aber and as an appreciation of his efficient and patient efforts in directing their work the class presented him with a sofa pillow. The class consisted of Alma Meyers, Grace Flynn, Josie Robb and Charles Schoonover.

* * *

RULES FOR GOVERNMENT OF LADIES' TRAINS.

Paris, March 1st, 1905.

Rule 1. No train, after this date, will be made up of a greater length than the height of the propelling power.

Rule 2. In coming down heavy grades (church steps for instance) first-class trains will move as rapidly as possible but all accommodation trains will proceed slowly and stop frequently to step on the trains, caution, however, is necessary in starting up while people are so engaged, to prevent accidents.

Rule 3. All trains should be held up at crossings. All empty "FLATS" standing on the "siding" at the time should at the time be switched off.

Rule 4. When three or more trains are proceeding in company, they should always move side by side, and on no account whatever change their position.

Trains approaching from the opposite direction MUST keep out of the way.

Rule 5. If it is desirable to attach a "flat" to a moving train, speed should be slackened and a signal given by bowing. The "flat" will respond by elevating its hat. The answering signal is a smile, which signifies "couple on," after "coupling" the combined train will proceed very slowly—.

By order of

THE PRESIDENT OF FASHION

PAREE.

* * *

The night Richelieu was played by the Quill and Dagger, the members of the Eta Phi Mu fraternity gave a theatre party in honor of their lady friends. The red and white carnations, the colors of the fraternity, were very conspicuous on the thirty-six people all grouped together in four rows.

Unprepared, unprepared in all lessons am I,
 As the bell rings I pick up my books with a sigh
 I go to the class room, my heart filled with dread
 And taking my seat there I wish I were dead.

One glance at the stern-looking Prof. is enough,
 I know that with him it is useless to bluff,
 There is no help for me in my hour of need,
 When at last it is past I have flunked, yes indeed.

* * *

ONE WEEK.

The year had gloomily begun
 For Willie Weeks, a poor man's

Sun.

He was beset with bill and dun,
 And he had very little

Mon.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues,
 I've nothing here but ones and

Tues.

But when he paid his court to her,
 She lisped, but firmly said, "No

Thur."

"Alas," said he, "Then I must die!"
 His soul went where they say souls

Fri.

They found his gloves, and coat, and hat
 The coroner upon them

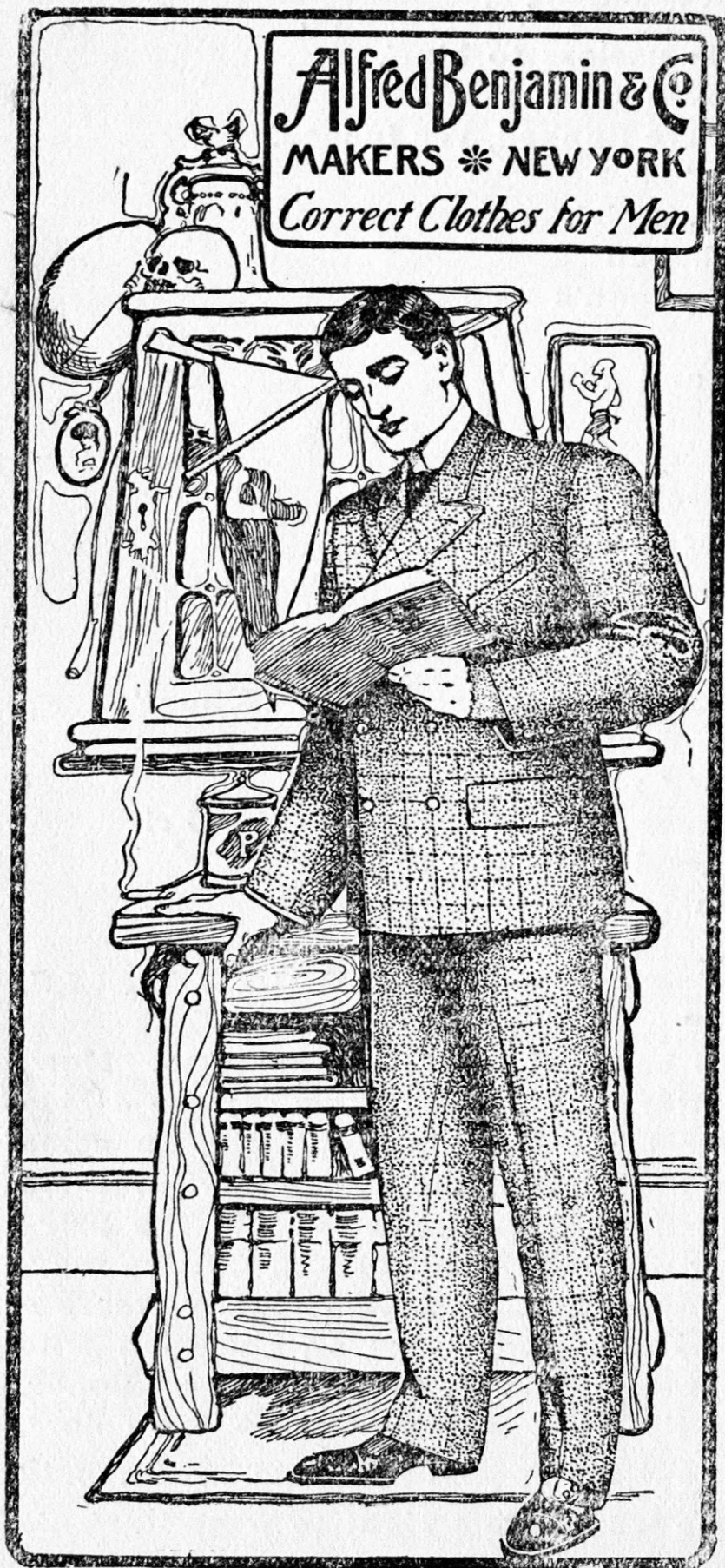
Sat.

CAROLYN WELLS.

* * *

When in college we ought to be loyal to college customs. Now, when we see a person wearing a letter on his sweater or cap we decide at once that the said person has represented his University in some baseball, rowing or football contest. For his ability and faithfulness to his institution he has been presented with the letter and the privilege of wearing it. The man feels proud of the honor and well he may. But when a person, who has never been in a contest, virtually wears a letter he is renouncing all college customs. Moreover, the man who has worked to gain his letter, no more feels it, to be such an honor, there is no distinction. It is perfectly right to wear the college colors, but not right to wear the letter without the special privilege. We should like to see the M worn only by those who have a right to wear it. This applies to girls as well as boys.

EARLY SHOWING!



Spring clothing has just arrived and we have no hesitancy in saying that our stock of spring and summer suits and top coats cannot be equalled in the state. Alfred Benjamin's clothing is pre-eminent the most stylish, nobby, and up-to-date that can be found.

This year's styles and colors are wonderful in their variety. As in previous years the clothes are made full, but the coats are longer and more double breasted effects are shown. Alfred Benjamin's clothes are practically tailor made. Every suit fits and is warranted to wear well. Do not forget to visit our gentlemen's department for suits, top coats, hats, gloves, and all the articles of gentlemen's apparel that you need can be found here in the greatest assortment.

Donohue's
ALWAYS RELIABLE